“I need you to help me with a psychological profile”

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“I need you to help me with a psychological profile”

by Tina908

Summary

“Whose profile is he going to work on, Jack?” Will asked suspiciously

Hannibal 48 and Will is 36

Notes

First I would like to say sorry for the wait but I have problems in my hands so sometimes I can write a lot and then there will be times where I can’t write at all.

As always a little friendly reminder that English is not my first language and therefore there will be mistakes.

See the end of the work for more notes

Jack was seated in the back waiting area of Doctor Lecter's office. He had been waiting for over 20 minutes for the man to be done with his current patient and frankly Jack was getting bored. He sighed and looked around again, trying with pure will to make the time go faster.

Finally the door opened, and Jack immediately got up to shake the hand of the man who finally stepped through, "Doctor Lecter, I'm Special Agent-"

"I hate to be discourteous but this is a private exit for my patients." A voice from behind the man whose hand, Jack, was currently shaking, interrupted.

Jack looked up at the second person that came through the door. "Oh, Doctor Lecter. Sorry, um…" Jack said with an embarrassed chuckle and hurried to get his badge out from his jacket.

"I'm Special Agent Jack Crawford, FBI. May I come in?" Jack asked as he showed his badge to the doctor.

"You may wait in the waiting room. Franklyn, I'll see you next week." Doctor Lecter answered before dismissing Jack and greeting his patient goodbye.

Jack couldn't help but feeling disappointed. He had hope to finish this a bit quick so he could get back to the office and the cases waiting for him.

"Yes." Franklyn answered and moved to leave when Doctor Lecter spoke again. "Unless, of course, this is about him?" He asked, referring to Franklin.

"No, this is all about you." Jack answered.

When Hannibal's last appointment had left, he finally went to retrieve the FBI Agent, currently waiting in the waiting room.

Hannibal couldn't deny that he was a little bit curious about what had brought the agent here. Hannibal wasn't by any means unused to talking to all kinds of police, both in regarding his patients or himself, not that the police knew it was about him.

Hannibal opened the door to the waiting room and noticed that Agent Crawford looked like he was about to fall asleep. "Please, come in." He greeted when the agent noticed him.

"So, may I ask how this is all about me?" Hannibal asked as he closed the door and turned around to face Agent Crawford.

"You can ask, but I may have to ask you a few questions first." Agent Crawford answered and pointed a finger at Hannibal.

Hannibal couldn't help but to smile a little amused with this agent. Hannibal hoped that he didn't have to kill this one soon because this could end up being quite entertaining.

“You expecting another patient?” The Agent asked and once again pointed, this time at the door he had just came through.

“We’re all alone.” Hannibal answered.

“Good. No secretary?” Agent Crawford asked and turned his back to Hannibal, looking around.

“She was predisposed to romantic whims. Followed her heart to the United Kingdom.” Or at least that is what Hannibal made her family think but the truth was that his beloved Will had killed her in jealous anger one night when he had found the secretary once again flirting with Hannibal.

“Sad to see her go.” Hannibal continued as he and Agent Crawford made their way over to one of the tables Hannibal had in the back of the room.. Now this at least was one hundred percent true, he had been quite sad to lose such a competent secretary, no matter how annoying her flirting was. Though she had made some excellent steaks.

“Wow.” Agent Crawford as he studied some of Hannibal’s old drawings. “Are these yours, Doctor?”

“Among the first. My boarding school in Paris when I was a boy.” Hannibal said and pointed out one of the drawings. Thankfully Hannibal had only been at the boarding school for one year while his father had mourned Misha, so Hannibal had gotten back home just in time to meet his Will.

“The amount of details is incredible.” Agent Crawford answered, still studying the drawing.

“I learned very early that a scalpel cuts better points than a pencil sharpener.” Hannibal said as he picked up the scalpel and cut into one of his pencils.

“Well, now I understand why your drawings earned you an internship at John Hopkins.” Agent Crawford said as he once again turned his back to Hannibal and went back to studying the room.

“I’m beginning to suspect you’re investigating me, Agent Crawford.” Hannibal said with a calm voice and turned around towards the Agent. He still hadn’t put down the scalpel, it had been helpful before and Hannibal was sure that it would be just as helpful this time too, if necessary.

“No, no.” Agent Crawford answered with a small chuckle. “No, you were referred to me by Alana Bloom in the psychology department, Georgetown.”

“Most psychology departments are filled with personality deficients. Doctor Bloom would be the exception.” Hannibal answered as he went over to his desk and finally put the scalpel down. He was sure it wouldn’t become necessary this time around.

“Yes, she would. Yes, she would.” Agent Crawford said with another chuckle. “She told me you mentored her during her residency at John Hopkins.”

“I learned as much from her as she did from me..” Hannibal answered. He was starting to get curious about where this was going.

“She also showed me your paper. ‘Evolutionary…’ uh… ‘Evolutionary Origins of Social Exclusion.’?” The statement ended in an uncertain question.

“Yes.” Hannibal answered.

“Very interesting. Very interesting. Even for a layman.” Agent Crawford said.

“A layman?” Hannibal asked, a bit disbelieving. Agent Crawford was indeed interesting.

“Yeah.” Agent Crawford answered.

“So many learned fellows in Behavioral Science at the FBI, and you consider yourself a layman?” Hannibal asked, trying to learn more about Agent Crawford. Hannibal wanted to know what made the man tick and how to manipulate it.

“I do when I’m in your company, Doctor.” Agent Crawford answered. “Um… I need you to help me with a psychological profile.”

As soon as the words had left the agents mouth, Will burst through the door of the back exit.

“Hannibal! I need to talk with y-“ Will midterm sentence and step when he noticed that Hannibal wasn’t alone.

“Jack, what are you doing here?” Will asked cautiously.

“I didn’t know that you two knew each other, Will?” Jack asked instead of answering.

“We’re married.” Will answered nonchalantly. “And before you ask, neither of us changed our name because we only got married recently and it was a pain in the ass to change names when we were already established with our own names and there was a mistake on the rings so we are waiting for the new ones. Now back to my question. What are you doing here?”

“I’m here to ask Doctor Lecter to help me make a psychological profile.” Jack answered carefully.

Will then turned to Hannibal. “Whose profile?”

“I don’t know yet.” Hannibal answered truthfully with a small shrug,

“Whose profile is he going to work on, Jack?” Will asked suspiciously and turned back towards Jack who didn’t answer. “I think it’s time for you to leave, Jack. I need to talk to my husband.”

“Of course.” Jack answered and left.

“He thinks I’m unstable.” Will said when they were finally alone.

“You’re not unstable Mažasis.” Hannibal said and walked over to Will and placed a kiss on his forehead. “ Jack is just afraid of the darkness inside that beautiful mind of yours.”

“Don’t you think I’m too big for you to still use that name?” Will asked as he placed his arms around Hannibal and cuddled close.

Hannibal chuckled gently and hugged Will back. “Never.”

End Notes

Thank you for the read! I hope you enjoyed it <3

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